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Notes.



BETWEEN this issue and the last, there has been a sad but unavoidable gap. The late editor, Mr. Glyn Barlow, found it impossible to continue the work, and the Magazine lapsed

for several months; but there is no reason why it should ever lapse again. The present number—the second of Volume IV—makes its appearance in the middle of January, as students return to College from the Christmas vacation; and succeeding numbers will come out half-way through each month. In these pages month by month we hope both to interest general readers and to deal with every aspect of student life. We hope, too (though it is a very difficult hope to realise) that we may be interesting and helpful to high school students, as well as to those who have read and studied

more. Again, social life in Colleges—what is called college life—is as yet in its infancy in India; but about this, and about the various literary and other societies that flourish in College environments we shall have much to say. And since the gradual growth of sport and the sporting spirit is one of the most vitally hopeful things in Indian school and college life just now, we shall try to interest the sportsman too. Yet we hope that even our non-sporting articles will win his heart, for the truest sportsman is a man of mental as well as physical vigour.

Mr. Barlow, though ceasing to be editor, will not, we hope, be wholly separated from the paper, for we shall still look for contributions from him. The present editor knows Mr. Barlow only through his writings; and amongst these there is a little book which has particularly charmed him and which he wishes his readers would study. It is a year or two old and is called "Industrial India" and it is not a dry or technical book at all. In a style most genial and delightful it deals with all the most important industrial needs of India, and with the mighty changes that are now going on. Reviewe

are always saying about books, "Every student ought to read this", and we often feel that they are taking rather too wide a view of a student's duty. But if we were to use those words about Mr. Barlow's book, we should be speaking the literal truth, for every student ought to know about these matters and certainly there is no other book that can so delightfully tell him so much. We venture to quote a passage where the author seeks to show how foolish it is for Indian fathers always to try to bring up their "brainy" sons to the law or some other "profession", when commerce needs brains just as much, and will usually reward them more, and is, too, such a vital thing for India at present. Mr. Barlow, of course, takes an imaginary case and gives imaginary names. He says:—

"The failure of many an industrial enterprise in India may be set down also to the fact that the man who controlled it had an insufficient knowledge of his industry and lacked the intelligence, the shrewdness, and the spirit of enterprise that are necessary for a successful business. This inefficiency on the part of the industrialist will always be the condition as long as the Indian parent continues to think that it is his least intelligent son who is cut out by nature for an industrial career. Mr. Chatterton has complained that it is too often the 'fool of the family' whom the Indian father 'sends to Japan' to learn an industry; and how can we wonder if when the fool of the family comes back to India his industrial doings are not such as will tend to promote confidence in industry as a career?

"Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer is a retired Tahsildar. 'My eldest son Sivaraman' he says to a neighbour, 'takes after me; he is a fine intelligent fellow, and he is

doing well at college; I am going to put him to the Law. As for our Vaidianathan, he takes after his mother; he can't learn anything; and, besides being stupid, he is too lazy to sit at his books. I think he might do well at an industry; so I am going to send him to Japan to learn paper-making.'

"Sivaraman really is clever and he blossoms into a B.A., B.L.: but, what with the crowd of vakils competing for clients, he finds it more profitable to practise in the mofussil than in the metropolis; and in a small town which he makes his home, he earns a fair income from his profession and does good work in the municipal council, where his enterprising spirit is invaluable; and he is eventually recognised as the lion of the Chinnapatam Bar and as the leading citizen of Chinnapatam; but otherwise he makes no particular mark in life, and outside Chinnapatam he is but little known.—Vaidianathan really is stupid. He goes to Japan, where he imagines that he is learning how to make paper; and when he comes back to India, he starts a factory on a capital of a thousand rupees, with which his father supplies him; but the paper is queer stuff; the ink 'runs' when you write on it, and the pen catches up little bit of straw, as it crosses the sheet. No one can use it; but it would make small difference if anyone could; for even if the paper were of extra-superfine quality, Vaidianathan would have too little intelligence and enterprise to get his goods on the market. After a while the 'factory' is closed, and the two coolies are dismissed, and Vaidianathan lives on his father-in-law's allowance to his wife; and Mr. Ramaswamy Iyer's neighbour, whose talented son is industrially inclined, points to Vaidianathan as a proof of the futility

of industrialism as a career and insists on his son going in for the law. Now if Sivaraman had been sent to Japan to learn paper-making instead of Viadianathan, it is quite likely that he might have been much more successful as a paper-maker than he is as a vakil. With his talents, he would very likely have made a first class paper-maker; and with his spirit of enterprise, he would have induced his father to give—or lend—him something more than a thousand rupees to start business with, and would have developed his industry into a big thing, such that Sivarama Aiyer's "Ganesha Foolscap," would have become a familiar article all over India from the Secretariat Office at Simla to the Town Sub-Magistrate's Court at Tuticorin. But it was the fool of the family that was elected for an industrial life, and he was 'no good.' The mistake lies in identifying industrialism with manual labour. The coolie is certainly a factor in industrialism, but the master-mind is as necessary for the control of a big industry as it is for the control of a mighty empire."

Messrs. Higginbotham & Co. of Madras have done a very praiseworthy and enterprising thing in entering upon the publication of a series of selections from the works of Anglo-Indian poets. There have been a number of these poets, almost unknown men, whose unread verses are not interesting merely but fine; and Mr. P. Seshadri, who is making the selections and contributing introductions to the volumes of the series, has made a long and enthusiastic study of Anglo-Indian poetry. (His ability in the treatment of such matters will be evident to readers of the article which he has written for this number of our magazine). One

volume of the series has already been issued and gives selections from the work of John Leyden, a scholar who, at the beginning of last century, "spent years of unremitting toil in Southern India in studying its baffling systems of religion and language." His poems are full of quiet force and beauty, and touch upon many familiar South Indian themes and places. Perhaps the best is that "On an Indian Gold Coin", in which he laments his unhappiness in having to toil, for mere gold, so far from home and all that is dear to him. We quote: three verses of this poem: they are most characteristic.

ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
 Gleans baleful as the tomb-fire drear—
 A gentle vision comes by night
 My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
 Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
 That once were guiding stars to mine:
 Her fond heart throbs with many a
 fear:—

I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
 I left a heart that lov'd me true!
 I crossed the tedious ocean wave,
 To roam in climes unkind and new.
 The cold wind of the stranger blew
 Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
 Dark and untimely met my view—
 And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
 A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
 Now that his frame the lightning shock
 Of sun-rays tip'd with death has borne!
 From love, from friendship, country,
 torn,
 Go memory's fond regrets the prey,
 Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn.
 Go, mix thee with thy kindred clay!

Among the December Magazines we have received is "The Popular Scientific Journal" (Waverley Press, Madras)—a number containing a great variety of articles which, though on scientific subjects, are understandable by everyone" and of universal interest. We shall quote from one that is specially interesting. It is an answer to the question, "Will France make the Sahara desert a sea and England arctic?" The writer says:—

"A sensation was recently created in France, by the daring proposal of a great French scientist, Prof. Etchegoyen; this distinguished scientist declares that France should lose no time in converting the vast desert in Africa into an inland sea. It is a well known fact that a large portion of the Sahara desert is below the level of the sea, and he therefore believes that the construction of a canal some fifty miles long, through the higher land of the north African coast, would immediately create a Sahara Sea equal in size to about half the extent of the Mediterranean Sea. He further states that the construction of such a canal would present very little mechanical difficulty, as the coast land is mainly composed of sand and soft rock formations. He declares that the consequences of such an undertaking would be gigantic. The following are some of his statements regarding the great change which would follow.

"All the arid regions now surrounding the desert, and those parts of the Sahara which are above sea-level, would be rendered as fertile as Europe.

"A great new colony could be added to France, of which the political and eco-

nomie importance can hardly be over-estimated.

"A fleet of steamers would navigate the Sea of Sahara, the depth of which would vary from ten to sixty fathoms, and produce a flourishing traffic between Algeria and French West Africa.

"The most remarkable result of all would be the alteration of the climate of all northern Africa from equatorial extremes of heat to the pleasing temperature of Natal, thus increasing its value as a place of colonisation for Europeans.

"This being the bright side of the picture, ominous cries are raised by scientists in other parts of Europe who seem to argue that the evil effects would more than counter-balance the good effects suggested above.

"Certain meteorological (weather), experts cry out in horror that any tampering with weather conditions in Africa would transform the climate of Europe; these experts state that if tropical Africa should become temperate and fit for colonisation by the European, then Europe would become Arctic. Alarming pictures are drawn of the state of England, Belgium and Denmark under such circumstances. The alarmists already see these countries under several feet of perpetual snow. England, they argue, would become Arctic, and all the people there would either migrate to warmer southern regions or live like the Eskimo in ice huts.

"Another very striking reason for not tampering with the climate of Africa which has been suggested is that by the displacement of a great body of water, the

equilibrium of the earth would be actually affected and many grave changes might result ; ' the engineer who had undertaken the task of adding a new sea to the map of the world would ever afterward be cursed by humanity for having altered the axis of the globe.'

"Between these two extreme parties, there are various savants who hold that the objections are mainly illusory ; and that the good possibilities prophesied are greatly exaggerated.

"As far as we can now learn from the surveys of the great Sahara desert, we can conclude that the inland sea if formed would be very broken, with numerous islands, and the total surface area might not exceed a third of the present Mediterranean surface. A change in the climate of the great desert would no doubt ensue ; but it would certainly not be to the extent of making Europe arctic. The rainfall would considerably increase : and the fertility of the almost virgin soil is also beyond doubt. The great sand storms and fiery blasts would practically cease. We might probably hope to see, within a few decades of the opening up of the desert, great cities on the shores of the inland lakes, of increasing commercial importance, and gigantic forests which can only be compared with those of South America.

"The argument of the shifting of the axis sounds to us rather childish. A few billions of tons of water displaced on the surface, and only a short distance, could not produce any appreciable change. For one can easily see that the weight of the water displaced when compared with the weight of the earth is almost nothing.

"Besides this scheme, there have been many others put forward for irrigating the Sahara."

The article is illustrated by a very suggestive diagram.

The story of Harischandra is, of course, familiar to our readers. * Several months ago a version of this, dramatised in English Prose by Mr. A. Srinivasachari of Walajanagar * was published. We began the reading of it with some distrust ; for a story of this kind is much more epic than dramatic, and absolutely refuses to conform to the ordinary laws of drama. All that can be done is to depict character truly and nobly, and to make each of the long series of scenes complete and striking in itself. One does not read very far till one sees that in these matters Mr. Srinivasachari's touch is little short of masterly—monotony is the danger, and there is no monotony. The moral strength of Harischandra, thrown into bold relief all through, towers more and more loftily over us, through his words, his deeds, and the contrasts presented by the other characters ; he is indeed felt to be "eminently noble." This could never be so if Mr. Srinivasa Chari's prose were halting or even merely "pedestrian" prose. We are inclined to think that some of it, both in imagery and in point of mere style, in as fine as was ever written by an Indian.

We do not expect to insert a short story every month, but this month we

* Published by Messrs. Temple and Co., 332, Thambu Chetty Street, George Town, Madras.

have one. It is from a little volume, published not many months ago, of short stories all dealing more or less with the difficulties of the Indian marriage question. The author indirectly suggests reforms, but there is not a "rabid" word in the whole book. In fact, the predominant thing in his genius for story-telling, and his touch is both light and sure.

We have made one or two trifling alterations—not, however, by way of improvement.

Students, whether of college or schools, worship the dramatic art, and love to strut the stage whether in play or in dialogue. Suitable dialogues are sometimes hard to find, and we intend, therefore, to give, every month, a dialogue suitable for performance by our readers. The first two we shall give are remarkable in that they are entirely modern, and yet much more than two thousand years old.

Finally, though our magazine is to be written not *by* students but *for* students, we shall be glad to insert occasionally (though only as voluntary contributions), such articles by students as seem both thoroughly good and thoroughly suitable. We shall try to return articles that we do not want, if a stamped addressed envelope is sent with them.

* "Short stories" by "Kusika": The "Hindu" office, Madras.

Short Story

HIS ATONEMENT

BY KUSIKA



PASSED first class second in the Presidency," was the telegram put into Ramier's hands one auspicious morning, announcing his second son's success in the B. A. degree examination. He was a pensioned Sub-Magistrate who had amassed a considerable fortune in the course of administering criminal justice for fifteen years on a small salary. Twice he had stood as an accused before the Sessions Judge, charged with bribery and extortion, and on both the occasions he had luckily escaped punishment. His father was a poor village *purohil*, innocent of English, but not of wordly ambition, who had brought up his eldest son to his priestly profession and given his favourite second son Ramu some schooling in the *neecha basha* which is the language of the Goddess of wealth and prosperity in these degenerate days. As a free-scholar, and a free-boarder in the homes of the wealthy and the charitable, the *purohil's* son had early graduated in the art of pleasing his patrons and superiors and winning their favour. This equipment proved invaluable to him later in life, and he steadily rose, notwithstanding his meagre education, from the humble post of an attender on Rs. 8 a month to the coveted eminence of a Sub-Magistrate. Then he commenced making hay as fast as he could and the sun of Magisterial power shone for him for fifteen years, with but two passing periods of foul wea-

ther. These two mishaps, however, cost him dear, as he found that neither vakils nor witnesses would render free help even to a Sub-Magistrate, when he was in trouble. He was not therefore so rich as he had meant and expected to be, when he retired from service; but he was a veritable Cræsus when compared with his sainted father or priestly elder brother, and at least thrice as rich as he had a right to be had he served Government honestly. His two sons were at school when he retired on a small pension and he decided to give them the best available education, so as to enable them to rise high in the service of Government. The eldest son however proved disappointing, and no amount of private tuition, public schooling, parental scolding and even chastisement could take him across the insuperable Matriculation Examination. His disgusted father obtained for him a clerkship in the Taluk office and gave up all hope of his ever becoming a Deputy Collector and First-class Magistrate; but even he proved profitable in another way,—his marriage and subsequent ceremonies brought in a net gain of nearly a thousand rupees to the family exchequer.

The second son, Swaminath, was the old man's pet and soon became the centre of his life-long ambitions and hopes. He stood first in all the classes, passed the Matriculation Examination in the first class in his fifteenth year and the First-in-Arts Examination as the fifth in the Presidency after two years. Fathers of daughters vied with one another to secure him as a son-in-law and he was eventually wedded by his father to the daughter of the highest bidder, a land-lord and school-master, who paid two thousand rupees in Queen's

coin and a thousand more in the shape of jewels, silver vessels and other presents. The girl "came of age" a year after the wedding and her father soon began to urge Ramier for the consummation of the marriage. But Ramier put him off on the ground of his son's studies, and now that his son had passed out so brilliantly, he determined to knock out at least a thousand rupees more, besides the usual presents, before allowing the marriage to come off. His wife Sitalakshmi was even more avaricious and on learning the contents of the telegram, declared that a couple of thousand rupees at least should be demanded and obtained before a mere schoolmaster's daughter was allowed to enter her house as her daughter-in-law. She quoted innumerable precedents for such demands and payments, and encouraged and confirmed her husband in his extortionate intentions.

II

"Now that his studies are practically over," said school-master Krishnier to his Sammandhi Ramier, "there can be no excuse for further delay. The marriage can be consummated at once, and I learn that the fifth of Chaitra, that is, next Friday, is auspicious and suitable to both their stars. He will return on Wednesday, after attending the Convocation."

"There should be no hurry in such matters," replied Ramier, selecting and slowly chewing a bit of cake from the dish before them; "he is just nineteen, you know, and he wishes to study for Law. His mother tells me—he is more free with her, you know, and always keeps at a distance from me; such are the ways of boys you know—his mother tells me that he himself is averse to having the

marriage consummated now. He has some queer ideas in his head, I fear."

"But it is more than a year since Kamala came of age," replied Krishnier; "not that I mind it," added he, "but her mother thinks it is wrong and a sin to keep her in our house and will not rest till the ceremony is over."

"Law, you know, is an expensive study," observed Ramier.

"I thought you wanted him to enter Government service on taking his degree?"

"So I do, you know; that is my ambition for him; but he has some queer ideas of independence in life and so on, and wishes to become a lawyer or a school-master. It is sheer foolishness, you know, to fancy that he will be independent as a *Vakil*, not knowing how many B.A., B.L.S., used to compete for the favour of his Sub-Magistrate father who is an U. C. S. only; and as for becoming a school-master, he might as well become a stamp-vendor or a pound-keeper: I mean no insult to you, you know."

"You should advise him, then, and use your influence to get him a good start in Government service," said Krishnier; "with his brilliant academical career and your friendship with many big officials, it ought to be easy."

"He has a will of his own, you know," replied Ramier, "and, being our favourite child, he has been almost spoilt by our indulgence. His mother always let him have his own way and so he has a will of his own now, and as for entering Government service, that opens readily and widely to a golden key only. There is nothing more influential than money in these days."

"I don't know what you are driving at," said Krishnier, "I think it is not right to

keep my daughter any longer in my house. It is not advisable that a young and impressionable lad like Swaminath should remain exposed to the temptations of a town-life, so I request you to fix an early day for the marriage."

"You don't know him well or you would not say so, you know", replied Ramier; "he is quite unlike other youths, and has such queer ideas. He has read also so many big books, though he is still in his teens only. When he was here last month, I came across one of his books; it was by one John Stuart Mill about the subjection of women. I read a few pages thinking that he would describe the several ways of subduing them; but it was all the other way, and I could not well understand it. He is a queer boy, you know, and reads all sorts of books. His extra books alone have cost me nearly a thousand rupees."

"Well, you can afford it and your son will be all the better for it," replied Krishnier laughing, "you have no girls at all. I wonder what you would do if you had six girls like me."

"My wife was so anxious to have a girl of her own," said Ramier, "but it pleased God to ordain otherwise. I heard that you paid Rs. 2,300 for your third daughter's marriage, and the boy has not passed even his F. A. examination yet."

"Who told you I paid such a sum? It is a lie: I paid only Rs. 800 and I have promised to bear the expenses of his B. A. course. His father is a poor man like me, and earns only 50 Rs. a month."

"A poor man like you! That is not bad, you know; why, you get Rs. 150 a month as headmaster, nearly as much more, I think, as an examiner to the University, and you have ancestral property besides."

"If you had six girls and three boys, and knew my real income, you would not consider me rich."

"Anyhow, I think it is only fair, you know, that you give your daughter a proper dowry for her nuptials, especially considering how superior my son is to your other sons-in-law. My wife thinks that a couple of thousand rupees will not at all be too much, as such things go now-a-days. It will help him to study Law or to enter Government service with a decent start, you know."

"A couple of thousand rupees!" gasped Krishnier, "and where am I to go for it? I have three more girls to be married and have no pagoda tree in my backyard. I have already mortgaged all my ancestral lands and my income is barely sufficient for my big family."

"I don't say exactly a couple of thousand," replied Ramier; "I simply mentioned what my wife expects, and in these matters, you know, the females have to be satisfied first; I leave it to your good sense. You are not unaware of how such things are done now-a-days, and I am sure you will not give anything less than fifteen hundred. He has passed second in the Presidency."

"I educated my daughters thinking that their husbands would like it, and when I learnt that Swaminath was fond of Sanskrit, I engaged a special private tutor for Kamala, paying Rs. 7 a month, to teach her Sanskrit, and myself devoted an hour daily to teaching her English. She knows English well now and is studying *Sakuntala* in the original."

"Boys now-a-days want all this, you know," replied Ramier; "Your wife and mine read no books and had no tutors; yet they have been obedient and faithful to us and made our lives com-

fortable and happy. But times are changing now."

"Exactly so," remarked Krishnier dryly, "times are changing. How much money did our fathers-in-law give us? My father gave my wife jewels worth Rs. 800 for my wedding and I got only a pair of golden bangles worth Rs. 150 in return. Times are changing indeed."

But Ramier was undaunted by this turning of the tables and suavely replied: "Times change and we with them. Just as girls read now, you know, bridegrooms have to be paid for. I am sure another father would have made even ten thousand rupees with such a son. After all, what do I do with it? It is only your daughter who will enjoy it in due course."

"But she is not my only child," replied Krishnier, "and I owe a duty to my other children as well; I have three more girls to be married and in the case of daughters, as you are aware, the expenses do not stop with their marriage, but continue for years after."

Ramier offered no reply, and Krishnier suddenly asked, after musing for a while, "Does your son desire this dowry?"

"What does he know or care about such things?" replied Ramier; "He is only a boy yet, and has queer ideas; you know Tahsildar Vengu Iyer paid two thousand rupees for his daughter's marriage, besides a bicycle and a gold watch and chain to the boy, and the boy was only a "plucked B. A."

Thus the two men were conversing for a long time after the cakes, the fruits, and the coffee had vanished, and eventually the marriage was fixed for that day month, after consulting the almanac, and after the unhappy school-master had agreed to pay Rs. 800 in cash, besides the usual presents and silver vessels,

III

It was a brilliant moonlight night in the month of May and they were seated on a carpet in the open court-yard behind their bedroom. Swaminathan had come to his wife's house on the usual visit during the honey-moon and he was conversing with his little bride, a fair, slim, sprightly-looking girl, with an abundance of dark, curly hair and large, black, wondering eyes, whose smart and ready tongue was becoming only too garrulous, when the shyness of the first few nights was over. "I like your father", said he, "and the more I come to know of him, the better I like him. But I can't understand why a man with such advanced and enlightened views pressed for this marriage."

"It was on my mother's compulsion," replied Kamala, "he wished to postpone it for two years more at least, but my mother would not hear of it and she would not let him rest night or day until he agreed to bring it about."

"I strongly opposed it first, as I told you," said Swaminathan, "as I have taken a vow with some other young men. But my father wrote letter after letter and sent also two peremptory telegrams; so I consented, intending to keep my vow and let the formality pass."

Kamala looked up and slyly asked, "What vows have you to take in your society?"

"O, there are many: for example, to be pure in thought, word and person as far as in us lies; not to attend any nautch party; not to demand or take any money with our wives as dowry, not to touch liquor even as a medicine; not to—"

"But you have already broken at least one of these vows," retorted Kamala.

"What do you mean?" asked Swaminathan sharply.

"You have taken money with your wife." "I heard of it only after my wedding," he replied rather eagerly; "and I had not taken my vow then, and I was quite a boy. I don't know why my father, who is so rich and who has not even the usual excuse of having daughters to endow, took money for my wedding. Such a cold-blooded transaction spoils all the sacredness and purity of the life-long tie, and makes it impossible for the two parties to have much mutual regard or good-will ever after. It can only embitter their further relationship. Twisting Shakespeare's words, 'it curseth him that gives and him that takes.' If the father of a girl was rich and chose to settle a small fortune on his daughter, that would be different; but what is now practised is sheer extortion and does not benefit the girl at all. It is not even orthodox, they say. I am simply ashamed when I think of it; rightly speaking, I have been sold by my father to yours for so much money; but as I told you, I was not aware of it at the time and I took my vow only six months ago."

"But what about the Rs. 800 now paid by my father by selling one of our fields and my mother's necklace?"

"I don't understand you," replied Swaminathan, "You don't mean to say that your father paid, and my father took, money now too?"

"That is exactly what I do say; my father paid 800 Rs. besides the usual presents and silver vessels customary nowadays, because you had passed your examination so high and your father and your mother refused to agree to the marriage unless it was paid."

"What a shame! What a shame!" exclaimed Swaminathan with unfeigned indignation; "I have been doubly sold

then. But I tell you what, Kamala ; if I am a man, I shall see that the money, aye, and all of it, is re-paid, or I shall atone for it myself to your father in some way. I shall consider myself his slave, till it is all repaid : that is all I can do now, and I can never respect myself till it is done."

IV

"Your son is an idiot, his B. A. first class notwithstanding," said Ramier to his amiable consort, holding an open letter in his hand.

"Why, what has he written?"

"He says that he learns that I have taken Rs. 2,800 from his father-in-law up to date, and he reads me a long-winded sermon, the impudent brat, and wishes me to return the money at once to his father-in-law."

"I told you not to allow him to go to their house," replied Sitalakshmi peevishly ; "his mother-in-law and her mother are notorious women : they know many charms and drugs and they have worked upon the poor boy's mind and set him up to write in this manner."

"But has he no common sense ? It is barely four days since he went. Am I the only father who has taken bride-money ? And for whose benefit have I taken it ? Is it not all for him ? His ideas are queer indeed : he has become quite cranky and is only fit for the lunatic asylum now."

"Write to him to return home at once. He has stayed long enough there. Let them keep their girl in their own house until they learn how to value and treat such a precious son-in-law. They don't deserve him in the least."

"He wants me to remit the money to him at once," replied Ramier, "and says

that he will return home only after paying it to his father-in-law :—the idiot, not to know his own welfare."

"Did you write to him about the post you have secured for him in the District Collectorate?"

"No, I was intending to write to-day and I got this impudent letter. The Collector has promised to start him on Rs. 30. Other graduates cannot get even Rs. 20 in these days. If he passes his departmental examinations soon, the Collector has promised to promote him rapidly. Fortunately, our Collector is not a Brahman-hater, and he likes brilliant University men. Do you know what he told me as I was leaving his presence ? 'Let your son only work *honestly*, Ramier,' said he, and he laid a stress on the word 'honestly,' 'and he will soon become a Deputy Collector.'

"Write to him to return home at once and suggest that everything may be settled after his coming here, and tell him also of the Collector's promises. Or will you go and bring him yourself ?"

"I don't want to go to that pedagogue's house now ; your son has queer notions of what is right and proper and what is not, and seems to be not unlike his blessed father-in-law in some respects ; and your unlimited indulgence has spoiled him and made him wilful and disobedient. But I shall teach him better manners yet. He shall either return home at once or please himself. Let us see how long his father-in-law will feed him. The ungrateful idiot !"

"Don't write to him in a very angry mood : he is an innocent and ignorant boy and only says what he is set-up to. Let him only return home and I shall make him all right soon. They must have drugged and enchanted him and he must have

become infatuated with his wily, educated wife—who knows English too."

"There is no good in being too soft in such matters," replied Ramier; "that is how you have spoiled him hitherto and why he presumes to dictate to me now. I shall let him know that I too have a will of my own and that, though I am only an U.C.S. man and not a first class B. A., not even a Matric., I have made my mark in the world and know one or two things at least better than he. He shall return home immediately or wait till I ask him again. I shall let that wretched pedagogue too know a piece of my mind and what I think of his setting up my own son against me in this vile manner. He will return in double-quick time on seeing my letter, you may rest assured of that."

V

Ramier received a reply to his letter after a week, and it ran as follows:—

"Dear father, your letter has pained me very much. I extremely regret to learn that all my earnest representations, arguments, and entreaties have been of no avail with you and that you still refuse to look at the affair from my point of view. I have anxiously thought over your letter and weighed the threatened consequences of my not returning home immediately. I should gladly obey you and return home at once, were there any the remotest chance of a possible change in your decision in the matter by my doing so and pleading with you personally. But you give me no hope whatever and my return home can therefore serve no good purpose and will only cause more unpleasantness.

I take God to witness how deeply and sincerely grateful I feel towards you for the education you have bestowed upon me, but I should be utterly untrue to

that education, were I to act against my sincerest convictions even to please you. Surely, I cannot begin my sacred wedded life with my wife by first contributing to her father's ruin. Had there been any extenuating circumstances such as your poverty and the debts incurred by you to educate me, and my father-in-law's comparative affluence and ready willingness to help you with money, the case might have worn a somewhat different aspect; but facts being what they are, I cannot view the transaction in any other light than that I have been sold to my father-in-law for Rs. 2,800, my education resembling the fattening of a pig for the market, and I cannot consider myself a free person until that money is somehow returned. As you refuse to redeem me, I must earn my freedom myself and I have this day entered into an agreement to serve as a teacher in the Pullore Mission College on a salary of Rs. 100 a month. I know that you hate and despise the noble profession of teaching, and that you wish me to enter the Collectorate office on Rs. 80, but that will not enable me to regain my freedom within even 10 or 15 years perhaps, and I certainly prefer teaching work to slaving at the desk. I shall live very frugally and I hope to be able to repay my father-in-law not less than 75 Rs. a month, until the debt is cleared. I earnestly entreat you to pardon my inability to obey your bidding now. I shall return home during the next vacation to pay my respects and tender my humble apologies to you and my dear mother, and I venture to hope that, by that time, I shall have earned your forgiveness. I leave for Pullore to-morrow and shall write again from there. I remain, your affectionate and dutiful son,

R. SWAMINATH."

POEMS OF THE NEW YEAR.

The New Year in England.

Orphan Hours, the Year is dead,
 Come and sigh, come and weep!
 Merry Hours, smile instead,
 For the Year is but asleep.
 See it smiles as it is sleeping,
 Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse
 In its coffin in the clay,
 So white Winter, that rough nurse,
 Rocks the death-cold Year to-day;
 Solemn Hours! wail aloud
 For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways
 The tree swung cradle of a child,
 So the breath of these rude days
 Rocks the Year;—be calm and mild,
 Trembling Hours; she will arise
 With new love within her eyes.

January gray is here,
 Like a sexton by her grave;
 February bears the bier,
 March with grief doth howl and rave,
 And April weeps—but, O ye Hours!
 Follow with May's fairest flowers.

Shelley, 1821.

"Forget the things behind".

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
 The year is going, let him go;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson: "In Memoriam."

Giving and prayer.

Those that can give, open their hands
this day

Those that cannot, yet hold them up to
pray;

That health may crown the seasons of
this year,

And mirth dance round the circle.

Thomas Carew.

Man, who outlives all years.

(Written on New-Year's Day, 1790).

This day, Time winds the exhausted
chain,

To run the twelvemonths' length again;

I see the old bald-pated fellow,

With ardent eyes, complexion sallow,

Adjust the unimpair'd machine,

To wheel the equal, dull routine. ...

First what did yesternight deliver?

"Another year is gone for ever!"

And what is this day's strong suggestion?

"The passing moment's all we rest on!" ...

A few days may—a few years must—

Repose us in the silent dust....

The voice of Nature loudly cries,

And many a message from the skies,

That something in us never dies:

That on this frial, uncertain state,

Hang matters of eternal weight ;

That future life, in worlds unknown,

Must take its hue from this alone;

Whether as heavenly glory bright,

On dark as Misery's woeful night.

Since then, my honour'd first of friends,

Or this poor being all depends,

Let us the important *now* employ,

And live as those who never die!

Robert Burns.

Studies in Composition.

[In this series of studies we take an essay, or part of an essay, actually written by a student, and rewrite it in the adjoining column, giving notes upon the chief corrections. Students will find it helpful to study closely even the smallest changes and try to understand the reasons for them.]

II

PEACE.

Original Essay.

Corrected Essay.

"Peace hath its victories no less than war" (1)

"Peace hath her victories. No less renowned than war."

"Peace is that final result which proceeds out of the harmony and good relationship that exist between two nations (2). It is the slow evolution of mutual trust and of mutual friendship to mutual happiness (3). It is the organic growth of the nobler elements of mankind, without the baser passions (4) as jealousy or hatred, coming into play.

Peace is the harmony of nations, and the happiness of abiding peace comes of their mutual trust and friendship.

It is fostered by all the nobler elements in human nature, and such base passions as jealousy and hatred are fatal to it.

(5) The saying also goes as failures build success, so wars build peace. But there is not that charm which evolves out of the long existed (6) harmony of nations. It is as though speaking (7) of man's body healthy after the coming of a disease. It is all right, but it is not equal to the man (8) who had not the disease at all.

There is a saying that as failure builds success, so war builds peace. But that sort of peace that follows war lacks the charm of long, undisturbed friendship; just as, in the human frame, the health that follows disease is likely to be imperfect compared with health that has never varied.

Are we to look upon war, then, as a disease of the body of the world? Perhaps it is something of this, not too much (9). Peace implies union amongst nations besides union in a people while war displays only the latter. So peace speaks for (10) and prophesies once for all (11).

Is war, then, a disease that infects the world? Certainly the metaphor has its fitness. Yet it is misleading also; for, while peace implies healthful unity among different nations, war tends to produce such unity within a single people. But the tendency of peace is towards

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world".

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world."

It has all the strength and bearing (12) of the above prophetic words of Tennyson. It was a dream undreamt of old ever tending towards its realisation and ever baffled (13) in spite of progress and civilization.

The prophetic words of Tennyson glow with the light of peace. His was "a dream undreamt of old," but dreamt of now by many, and, in spite of many a disappointment the progress of civilization will at length realise the dream.

It is in time of peace alone that a man looks at a wider sphere (14) than that of his country; and then alone he has a broader outlook of (15) nature, humanity, and the world (16), that insight into the nature of things, that deep visioned eye which has "dim misgivings of a creature travelling about in worlds not realised" all take possession of the human soul, pointing at once to its night and profoundness (17).

In time of peace, and only then, a man can widen his horizon beyond his own country's interests, taking a broad enlightened view of the world's affairs. And then only has he scope for that deeper vision of nature and human things that disturbs the soul with wonder, filling it with the "blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised."

• [Not the end: not nearly; but enough has been chosen for comment.]

Notes.

(1) After a quotation is made let it be accurate in every word. If you are not sure of some of the words, introduce *such words as you are sure of* in the prose of your own sentence. These allusions may take the place of faulty direct quotation.

(2) A common type of confusion of thought. Peace does not come from harmony and good relationship; it *is* these things.

(3) Do not say "evolution to" but evolution into". The sentence is far too abstract. "Evolution" is perhaps the world second-best-beloved by Indian students, and (still more unfortunately) "psychological" is the best-beloved. Avoid both unless you are absolutely *sure*.

(4) We can say "Such base passions as jealousy" etc., or "base passions such as jealousy" etc., or "base passions like jealousy" etc. This sort of "as" demands "such;" "coming into play" is unnecessary.

(5) It would be right to say "The saying goes that," or "as the saying goes."

(6) "Long-existed" should, of course, be "long-existent".

(7) Ungrammatical: "speaking" has no construction. It would be right (though intolerably clumsy) to say "It is as though one were speaking"; or "To suggest that it has that charm would be like speaking" etc.

(8) You must not contrast unhealthy *body* with healthy *man*, but with healthy *body*.

(9) "Something of this" is not idiomatic for "something like this"; and "too" is quite inappropriate.

(10) "Speaks for" cannot be used for "speaks of" and no other sense is forcible here.

(11) "Once for all" is here absolutely meaningless. There is a great temptation to use an idiomatic phrase simply because it *is* idiomatic without care as to its *appropriateness*.

(12) The metaphor in "bearing" is a ridiculous one to apply, in prose, either to peace or to prophetic words.

(13) A dream cannot be "baffled", but its realisation can.

(14) A man may have a wider sphere of life, or of vision, but he cannot be said to "look at" a sphere.

(15) Not "outlook of nature" but "outlook upon nature". "Of" would be *subjective*. E.g., "the outlook of a man", where "man" is the "subject" of the looking—he is the looker. Nature is the *object* of the looking.

(16) Is "the world" something different from nature and humanity?

(17) A very bad sentence. (a) There is no such prose word as "deep visioned." (b) How could an eye take possession of a soul (badly wrought metaphor). (c) "Pointing" completes the confusion of the metaphor. (d) The quotation is rendered valueless by its-inaccuracy.

A side-light on "The Tempest".

Browning's "Caliban upon Setebos."

[BY THE EDITOR]



It is curious to think how immediate, and how lasting, the success of "The

Tempest" has been,—and in how many ways it has "succeeded." Its early audiences, both pit and royalty, were charmed with it. Such was its popularity that Dryden and Davenant were constrained to adapt it to their own vastly-altered stage, for their own vastly demoralised audience. And though with them to adapt Shakespeare was in some sense burlesque him, yet enough of the original charm remained in their version to seduce the Restoration spectators into an unwonted kind of admiration. Assuredly the immense success of this adaptation is not due solely to its Restoration trickeries and smartnesses. Now-a-days "The Tempest" is as welcome to the boards as ever; welcome to those to whom Sir Herbert Tree's gorgeous settings commend themselves, and more welcome, perhaps, to others, who think more of the play itself, and its interpretation, than of scenic garnishings, which are indeed "but shadows," and cheat the imagination of its task.

But the theatrical is not the greatest success of "The Tempest"; and apart from both dramatic *point* and poetic *charm* the characters are so vividly realised in the play that to many a reader they have become a living part of his world. That is to say, he does not think

of them as beings of Shakespeare's creation at all, but feels that while Shakespeare has introduced them to us, and made clear the outlines of their natures there is ever so much more to be said about them. They are real enough for us to imagine them in all sorts of other situations, and to be quite sure what they would say and do there, so clear have their powers and tendencies been already made by Shakespeare. The best test, perhaps, that could ever be devised to find out whether a student has really understood a Shakespeare character would be to say to him,—“Put so-and-so” (Hamlet, perhaps, for choice, but any other principal character would do) “in such-and-such a situation, and then tell us what his words and actions would be;” and if a student is able to do this with regard to the characters of one or two plays, it is vastly more creditable to him, and more educative for him, than if he could gauge to a nicety the date and the source of every play in the book.

Now if there ever was a man who could take a preconceived character, place him in a special situation, and then probe his soul, that man was Browning; and the stranger the man and the more outlandish the situation, the better Browning was pleased. He was one of the surest and subtlest analysts of the individual, and in "The Tempest" whom should he fix upon for further analysis and presentment than Caliban! Caliban, of course, stands just upon the border-line of humanity, but he certainly is to be considered as human, and therefore the workings of his primitive human mind are matter for Browning, of inexhaustible interest. In "Caliban on Setebos" Caliban utters to us his religion,—his thoughts upon Setebos, his dam's god, and, by hard necessity, his own. With great

subtlety and fidelity. Browning has made him voice to us the religious speculations and fears and longings of the primitive human mind.

We find Caliban in his leisure hour in the heat of the day, lying blissfully in the cool slush of the mire, tickled delightfully by the plants and creeping things that are this earthy creature's familiars, and looking out over the shining sea. He speaks of himself not in the first person but in the third as a child would do, since it is the instinct of both child and savage to think of himself as something external. At the very beginning we are shown (as Shakespeare shows us too) that this rude spirit is not without poetic instinct. As in "The Tempest", the "sweet airs" of the island delighted him, so here he is alive to sunlit splendours. He says of himself, in his third personal way:—

"He looks out o'er you sea, which sun-beams cross—

And recross till they weave a spider-
web

(Meshes of fire some great fish breaks at
times)."

He will talk of Setebos, he says, for he would fain vex Setebos, and to talk of him will vex him, and is safe in summer-time. And "Prosper" and Miranda are asleep, thinking he is at his task: it is a good and jovial thing to cheat them.

Setebos, then—what shall he say of Setebos? Surely he dwells, says Caliban, in the coldness of the moon. He made the moon once, and the clouds, and the winds, and the island, and the sea, but the stars he did not make: they are beyond him. And why did this fever of creating things seize upon Setebos? Because the god was ill at ease in his coldness, restless and frenzied since he could not change it. As the fish of the chill

fresh water longs for "the lukewarm brine of the lazy sea", yet ever "finds repulse" when she seeks it (for it is not the water for her nature), and returns miserably to her own cold stream to "bury her despair, hating and loving warmth alike," so Setebos is wretched, longing for the genial warmth of mortality, seeking it, unable to endure it; and in his hopeless unrest, he has tried to distract himself by creating all these things:—

"He made all these and more,
Made all we see, and us, in spite: how
else?
He could not, Himself, make a second
self
To be His mate: as well have made
Himself:
He would not make what he mislikes or
slights,
An eyesore to Him, or not worth His
pains:
But did, in envy, listlessness or sport,
Make what Himself would fain, in a
manner, be—
Weaker in most points, stronger in a few,
Worthy, and yet mere playthings all the
while;
Things He admires and mocks too,—that
is it."

Thus He has made the creatures of the island for His sport, and how does He treat them? Caliban asks himself what *he* would do had he the power of Setebos—if for instance, he could create a bird, and mend or mar its life at his will:—

"Put case*, unable to be what I wish.
I yet could make a live bird out of clay:
Would not I take clay, pinch my Caliban
Able to fly?*for, there, see, he hath wings:

* Put case that—imagine that.

* That is, "Would not I take clay and pinch it into the form of a bird that could fly? And this bird would be a Caliban since it would have the same relationship to me that I, Caliban, have to Setebos."

There, and I will that he begin to live,
Fly to you rock-top, nip me off the horns
Of grigs high up that make the merry din:
In which feat, if his leg snapped, brittle
clay,
And he lay stupid-like,—why I should

And if he, spying me, should fall to weep,
Beseech me to be good, repair his wrong,
Bid his poor leg smart less or grow again,
Well, as the chance were, this might take
or else

Not take my fancy : I might hear his cry,
And give the mankin three sound legs
for one

Or pluck the other off, leave him like an
egg,

And lessoned he was mine and merely
clay.

Were this no pleasure, lying in the thyme
Making and marring clay at will?—So
He !”

So He ! such must be the pleasure of
Setebos, to lie idly observant, favouring
or torturing his creatures at his will, and
this is neither wrong nor cruel of him, for
(in Caliban's mode of judging) might
is right, and the strong god may torture
Caliban not in cruelty or hate, but
simply in sport, as oblivious of the good
or ill of Caliban as Caliban is of the
feelings of the crab that he slays for the
mere pleasure of stretching out his hand.
Caliban

“Thinketh such shows nor right nor
wrong in Him,
Not kind, nor cruel ; he is strong and
Lord.

A m strong myself, compared to yonder
crabs

That march now from the fountain to the
sea ;

’Let twenty pass, and stone the twenty
first,

Loving not, hating not, just choosing so.
As it likes me each time, I do : so He.”

The god of Caliban's imagination,
then, does not love his creatures, nor does
he hate them : he is not kind, but neither
is he cruel. His feeling for this creation
of his is one of profound disregard ;
he plays with it like a child with a feeling-
less toy. He is “good in the main” this
Setebos, for, by “goodness” in a god,
Caliban or any savage means simply the
absence of cruel hostility. He is

“Placable if His mind and ways were
guessed.”

If his miserable subjects only knew
how to frame their prayers and their obedi-
ence, it would suit his whim admirably
to relieve their sufferings.

But alas ! his creative power has brought
upon Setebos a terrible thing. He has
created not only base and poor things but
fine things too—finer, worthier, than his
own nature. What a disaster for a creator,
to be compelled to wonder at, and envy,
that which he himself has made. What
consolation has he for that ? Only this con-
solation, that even these finer things depend
on him for all they are and all they do. And
here once more (since a savage must always
form his notion of his *god's* feelings by think-
ing of his *own*) Caliban uses a mood of his
own to illustrate a mood of Setebos. I have
made for myself, he says, a wooden pipe
which makes the sound of the jay-bird.
Suppose that pipe of mine were to boast
that it can make this sound, while I, its own
creator, cannot do it, what would my reply
be ? I should *crush* my offending, presumptu-
ous creature, my pipe ; thus contemptu-
ously and angrily should I requite the fool-
ish self-importance of the thing I had
made. “So He.” Setebos has created
living beings capable of a nobler life-music
than that of his own nature. If they do not

humble themselves before him will he not crush them at one blow?

Why then is Setebos so restless and so cold? That to Caliban is a mystery. But he has the idea that Setebos is not the ultimate, the highest god. Who made the stars?—and who made Setebos? There must be some far higher being, so strong and majestic that he is perfectly calm and quiet and unchanging, for the restlessness of Setebos means weakness and fear:—

“There may be something quiet o'er His head,
Out of His reach, that feels nor joy
nor grief,
Since both derive from weakness in
some way.”

And perhaps the reason for the feverish creative activity of Setebos is that he looks up to the great quiet being above him, and longs to be like that, and cannot; and so he looks down to earth and makes his little world of creatures here, imitating, in their creation, the loftier finer world he cannot reach. Caliban remembers how he himself, in reverence for the mystic magic powers of Prospero has sometimes eagerly imitated him—

“Has peeled a wand and called it by a
name :
Weareth at whiles for an enchanter's
robe
The eyed skin of a supple oncelot ;
A four-legged serpent he makes cower
and couch,
And saith she is Miranda and my wife....
Plays thus at being Prosper in a way,
Taket his mirth with make-believes : so
He.”

As Caliban has in his own poor way imitated Prospero, so, perhaps, Setebos has imitated the far-off supreme being—the Quiet, as Caliban calls him. And now

Caliban bethinke him of a difference between his “dam's” religion and his own. For she had believed that the Quiet was the only Creator—that Setebos could only *vox* created things, and could create nothing by himself. Caliban does not believe that. For he sees how weak are all created things, and he is sure (and is not this truly the idea of primitive man?) that whoever made them so weak must have had only one object in doing so—to plague them afterwards and make sport of their weakness. Therefore *maker* and *plaguer* must have been one. Yes, there may be a “Quiet” far away, but he cares nothing for earthly things: so far as Caliban's world is concerned, Setebos is the One God.

Is there then no liking, no love, in the heart of Setebos? Ah, yes—

“He may like, perchance, what profits
Him.”

Why, Caliban himself “loves what does him good”, but only because he has no other means of getting good—not at all for the sake of loving. Had he no need of the thing he loves, he would promptly abandon it, and cease to love it. And it is thus with Setebos. Having, then, no disinterested love within Him, He is a terrible being, and has, alas! a special spite against Caliban. (Does not every uncivilised being think the same, when he finds nature's forces thwart him time and again?)

“One hurricane will spoil six good
months' hope,
He hath a spite against me, that I
know,
Just as he favours Prosper, who knows
why?”

Could one only find out how to please Him! Is there no change to hope for? No.—

“All things will continue thus,

And we shall have to live in fear of Him
So long as He lives, keeps His strength :
no change."

Unless perhaps Setebos makes
some new world and forgets all about
this one,—or even (strange thought!) sur-
prises and overthrows the Quiet some day,
or grows into the Quiet Himself. If none
of these things happens,

"Here are we,
And there is He, and nowhere help at
all."

Little hope for Caliban, then, that he
shall escape the pains of life. Will death
end them? (Never was humanity too
primitive to speculate upon the sequel to
death).

Caliban

"Believeth with the life the pain shall stop.
His dam held different, that after death

He both plagued enemies and feasted
friends :

Idly! He doth His worst in this our life,
Giving just respite lest we die through
pain.

Saving last pain for worst,—with which,
an end.

Meanwhile, the best way to escape His
ire,
Is, not to seem too happy."

This is the bitterest conclusion of the
savage's instinctive religion: the gods
have a grudge against us, and are jealous
of the slightest happiness in us: let us
then pretend to be miserable and perhaps
they will leave us alone. And this feeling,
developed and ennobled, becomes the
Greek horror of presumptuous pride in
man—a thing immediately to be punish-
ed by watchfully jealous gods. Caliban
therefore tries always to deceive Setebos
into thinking that he is all misery, and
full of envy of Setebos. So he hides all his
joys—

"Wherefore he mainly dances on dark
nights,

Moans in the sun, gets under holes to
laugh,
And never speaks his mind save housed
as now :

Outside—groans, curses! If He caught
me here,
O'erheard this speech, and asked, 'what
chucklest at?'
Would, to appease him, cut a finger off,
Or of my three kid yearlings burn the
best."

And all the time he is hoping, hoping,—
"That some strange day will either the
Quiet catch
And conquer Setebos or likelier He
Decrepit may doze, doze, as good as die."

And now, with startling suddenness,
comes the end. He thinks he has
been hidden from Setebos all this time.
But in an instant the world darkens, and
there is an awful silence. Then suddenly
the wind, the lightning, all the terrors of
the storm. Setebos, he thinks, must
have heard him speaking: yonder raven
must have told him every word. And
Caliban's conclusion is to prostrate himself
in grovelling fear, striving to propitiate
with self-tortures and what he calls his
"love," this horrible god:—

"What, what? a curtain o'er the world
at once!

Crickets stop hissing; not a bird—or, yes,
There scuds His raven that hath told
Him all!

It was fool's play, this prattling! Ha!
The wind

Shoulders the pillared dust, death's house
o' the move,

And fast invading fires begin! White
blaze—

A tree's head snaps and there, there,
there, there, there,

His thunder follows! Foot to gibe at
Him!"

He
"Lieth flat and loveth Setebos!
Maketh his teeth meet through his upper
lip,

Will let those quails fly, will not eat this
month

One little mass of wheelks, so he may,
'scape."

And so we see why Prospero has
no hope for Caliban. Under the sudden
stress of fear his dim speculations and his
dimmer hopes are in an instant gone: there
remain only the cunning and the cringing
of the earth-born nature.

The Cobbler.

A DIALOGUE.¹



HIS dialogue is pretty nearly 2,200 years old. It was written by a Greek called Herodas, who wrote what were called "mimes"—short dialogues in verse giving typical scenes of real life. The mimes of Herodas are among the best ever written, so clear and real are his characters and so grimly true his satire. Almost all his works were lost until in 1891 Dr. Kenyon found in Egypt a papyrus containing copies of seven mimes, including "The cobbler." It is very curious how little the tricks of the tradesman have changed since the days of Herodas. Every one of our readers *knows* this "cobbler"; and his customers too. Next month we shall give another of Herodas' dialogues—one that will appear especially to our younger readers, and is still more strangely modern. It is called the "The School master," and the chief thing that happens is that a bad schoolboy gets a fearful, but well-deserved, beating.

CHARACTERS.

Kerdon, the cobbler.

Metro, his friend, who brings customers to him.

Drimylos } Slaves to Kerdon.
Pistos. }

Customers, friends of Metro.

Scene: the shop of Kerdon. To him enter Metro and two friends. The slaves are present.

1. The translation is, in great part, the excellent one of Mr. R. T. Clark. Ours is purposely made a very free, though faithful, translation; there are some omissions.

Met:—Kerdon, I have brought these ladies to you. What bits of skilled workmanship have you to show them?

Ker:—O, Metro; it is a splendid thing to be your friend. (To the slaves) Quick, get the big bench ready for the ladies to sit on. Drimylos, don't you hear me calling for the second time? Are you asleep, man? Hit him over the mouth, Pistos, and knock the sleep out of him. No; don't do that: tie his neck and his hump together with a cord. Now then, you rascal, move your legs, or do you want to feel the weight of my fist? Are you ready now, scoundrel? Take the dust off the seat and be quick about it. Pistos, open that cupboard up there. No, not that one; the one above. Bring down the glorious shoes that I, Kerdon, have made. Now, honoured lady, look at these! Take your time about it. Don't hurry.—Slave, open that case. Now Metro, just look at this first. A perfect shoe for a perfect foot! Look at it, ladies! See how firm the heel is made and how it is fitted with all ornaments. This isn't the sort of work that's good in some places, and bad in others; it is the best of work all over. If you find leather like this any where else—why, may Pallas grant you everything you desire: that's all! Look at it. It is as fair as lilies and as soft as wax. I gave Kandalis three minæ² for the hide, and there isn't better leather anywhere. I swear by anything and everything that I am only speaking the truth, as faithful and true as any watch dog. I wouldn't tell you the tiniest of fibs. If I'm telling you a lie, may I never have any enjoyment all my life, as surely as other cobblers make far bigger profits than I do, but their work is far inferior to mine. Yet I, poor wretch of a cobbler, pass day and night in misery

and poverty.—Why listen : I never taste a bit of food till evening, and I am wakened at dawn by the barking of those wretched dogs outside.—Well, Metro, if that pair of shoes doesn't please you, Pistos will bring out another pair. Be sure that I, Kerdon, will tell you no lies. Bring out all my cases of shoes, Pistos. Really, ladies, you mustn't return home with full purses. Now, just look at them : there they are—new shoes of every sort—saffron shoes, sandal shoes, lacing shoes, night shoes, red shoes, scarlet shoes. You must tell me which you like best.

A lady :—How much do you want for that pair you took up first? But don't name a great thundering price, or we shall simply run away from the shop.

Ker :—Nay. You yourself must name a price, and say what the shoes are worth. It you don't want to do that, it will be difficult to make a bargain with you. And I swear to you, madam, by the whitening hair of my head, whereon baldness has already found a dwelling, that if you really want good work, you must offer a price sufficient to buy for the workman his poor daily bread (Aside). O Hermes, Lord of gain—O Persuasion—aid me, and make the lady give a good price ; for if she does not, I don't know what to do. If *something* does not fall into my net, I don't see how my pot is fare, at all.

Lady :—Stop that muttering. Why can't you say out openly what the price is?

Ker :—Lady, I will sell you the pair for one mina.*

(Lady looks up to the sky in amazement at the highness of the price.)

Ker :—(continues) Now you need not look up to Heaven. I would not take less than that sum even if the goddess Athene herself were my customer.

Lady (very sarcastically) :—Oh, you would not? It is no wonder then, Kerdon, that this little hut which you call a shop is still full of your "exquisite work". Yes, keep the shoes very carefully. On the 20th of next month, the goddess Hekate is celebrating the marriage of her daughter Artakene. Then the goddesses will be wanting shoes. If fortune helps you, stupid, *they* may come to your shop. I'm sure they will come. But you had better sew up your purse in case weasels scatter your money.

Ker :—It does not matter even if Hekate herself comes. The price will not be an atom below a mina. Remember that, please.

Lady :—Aren't you even tempted by the prospect of touching these little feet of mine that loves and cupids touch? Ugh! you are a wretched paltry fellow. You are as exacting as an Aeolian! And you've bribed Metro to bring us here to be robbed. Still—how much for that other pair? Now—out with a price worthy even of Kerdon.

Ker :—Five Staters,² by the gods. Euteris the flute-player comes here regularly, begging me to sell them to her at that price, but I will not, to her. I don't like her, and I would not sell them to her—not even if she promised four darics.³ She reviled my wife, you see, with awful insults.—Now, I know you're needing shoes. Don't be so silly as to leave these for goddesses to buy.—Well then, I'll tell you what. Take both pairs for seven darics. I'll do it for Metro's sake.

(Lady prepares to try on Shoe.)

Ker :—(continues). Ah. You are a lovely lady indeed. Your kisses would transport me to Heaven, even if I were a statue: It is no tongue you've got : it is a sieve of bliss. Ah! he for whom you open your lips doesn't live far away from the blessed gods.—Put your foot there. I'll try it to see if there is any fault in the shoe. Right. I see I need not add or take away anything. A fair foot always has a fair fit. You would think Athene⁴ herself had shaped the sole. Now—you other lady—place your foot here. Why, that shoe you

1. A proverbial expression.

2. About Rs. 60.

3. About Rs. 66.

4. She was the goddess of craftsmen.

* Rs. 60.

have on is like the hoof of a horse. You'd think an animal had tramped on it. Ah! look at that now! see the shoe that I have put on your foot. By my hearth, even if I'd tried to sharpen my knife on your boot, the shoes would not have fitted so well.—Ah, you there, you that are giggling at the door like some horse or other,—you'll have to pay seven daries if you want a pair.—Ladies, if you've need of anything else,—of sandals, or house-slippers, or any thing, just send round a slave to me.

(Exeunt Ladies)

Ker—(continues), and by the way, Metro, my good old friend, just you come to me on the 9th, and I'll give you a pair of fine red slippers for your pains.

(Exit Metro.)

Ker:—(continues) Yes: I must reward Metro. We must take care to mend the cloak that warms us.

Our Puzzle Columns.

TWO prizes will be awarded one of Rs. 15, and one of Rs. 10, for subscribers only, who score the most marks in six months. Any subscriber who competes must give his name, and quote his serial number at the foot of his answers, which **MUST** be on a post card. The editor's decisions will be final.

(1) Changed Letters.

I am a flower made up of four letters; change my first, and I am an article of clothing; change my second, and I am a verb meaning to get up; change my third, and I am a thick cord; change my last, and I am a Scottish county.

(2) Beheaded Word

I am a mighty effort; behead me, and I move; behead me again, and I fall; again, and I am Scotch; again, and I am a preposition.

(3) Arithmetical Puzzle.

Three women went to the market to sell apples. The first had 33 in her basket, the second 29, and the third 27. They must all three sell at the same price at the same time though they might agree to alter the price. When they got home, they found that each had received an

equal sum of money. How did this happen?

(4) Puzzle Sentence.

Read this sentence in such a way as to make sense: "The shadow of virtue goes a good man, him a bad man a cloud of darkness throws.

(5) Word Diamond.

A thousand; the atmosphere; an English county; a Saxon city; a German town; an American river; an English county; a Yorkshire town; a fruit; a monkey; one.

If some of our readers do not know what a word diamond is; let them study the following one, of which we give the answer:—

A musical note; a place to rest in; something seen in every town; a messenger; a mirror; well-behaved; a famous philanthropist; a part of Prussia; liveliness; a day of the week; recognised; an African river; a letter.

To this the answer is follows:—

G
B E D
S M O K E
C O U R I E R
H A N D G L A S S
G E N T L E M A N L Y
G E O R G E P E A B O D Y
B R A N D E N B U R G
A N I M A T I O N
S A B B A T H
K N O W N
A D I
Y

The answers to this month's puzzles and to those of the previous issue, will appear next month; and also the results of the competition, so far as it has gone.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

As has been stated in the Notes, voluntary contributions from students may occasionally be inserted. If a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, the editor will endeavour to return such MSS. as he does not use. All contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.

[Mr. Seshadri's article, which we have mentioned in the notes, has assumed such proportions that it cannot be included this month. The first part of it will appear in our next issue.]